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NOVEMBER 2016

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AMERICAN
WHORE**
SEX
WORKERS,
UNITE!

BRETT ROSSI
ON CHARLIE SHEEN,
HORSES & HARDCORE

**GET A
BETTER,
TIGHTER,
WETTER
VAGINA**
IN 45 MINUTES

COVER QUEEN
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NOVEMBER 2016 \$9.99 U.S.



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PENNY PAX

PEEK INSIDE!



FUCK YOU!

GIVE ME
A BLOWJOB!

I NOW
PRONOUNCE YOU
HUSBAND AND WIFE!

Trosken.



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ART & DESIGN

Kelly Webb Art Director
Morgen "Tex" Hagen Freelance Editorial
Writer & Designer

TALENT

Sharman Rielly Talent Coordinator

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400
(ext. 7109) or email talent@LFP.com.

RECORDS & ARCHIVES

Sean Berrios Supervisor of Records and Documents
David Carrillo Recordkeeper/Archivist

NETWORK SYSTEMS

Andrea Landrum Network Systems Director

PRODUCTION

Gina J. Lee Production Director
Shannon Poe Production Coordinator

ADVERTISING

Mickey Puyda National Sales Consultant
323-951-7907, HustlerAdSales@lfp.com
Wendy Camacho Advertising Production Coordinator

SUBSCRIPTIONS CUSTOMER SERVICE: 800-566-5760

HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang Consultant, Circulation & Distribution

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Cover photo by **Steven Andres**
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



DEMOCRATS MUST MOVE WISELY

Donald Trump has insulted and alienated so many Americans—women, Hispanics, Muslims, immigrants and even a large faction of his own party—that it's possible Democrats will control the entire federal government, with Hillary Clinton in the White House and majorities in both the House and Senate. That happened for the first two years of the Obama Administration and, before that, for Bill Clinton's first two years as President.

After the universally acknowledged disaster of George W. Bush (who now barely peeps his mug in public), Obama had a clear mandate to reverse eight years of GOP malpractice and even do something that hadn't been done since FDR and LBJ, expand the social contract.

So he went for the home run first, putting immigration, gun control reform and other issues on the back burner to focus on that which had eluded progressives for 50 years—healthcare reform. That may have been a mistake. Two years later Obama lost the House, and it's been in Republican hands ever since. Similarly, Bill Clinton lost control of both the Senate and House in 1996, after fighting a losing battle for healthcare reform.

Granted, we now have Obamacare, but it's far from a perfect solution. The insurance companies are still sucking obscene profits from the system. Public Medicare, with overhead costs of only 1%, or a single-payer system, is the only real answer.

But that would mean another titanic struggle, with a lot of political capital to pay. Considering past history and the divisiveness of this election, it might be wise for Hillary and a Dem-

ocratic majority to focus on other issues first, like comprehensive immigration reform and gun control legislation.

A guest worker program, as is practiced in much of Europe, would bring the aliens who largely harvest our produce and construct our buildings into the legal system, with all the protections of minimum wage and health and safety regulations, so that native workers are not competing at a disadvantage.

On gun control—no, Mr. LaPierre, the Democrats are not going to abolish the sacred Second Amendment. But a majority of Americans, including a majority of gun owners, favor common sense legislation—universal background checks, closing the straw buyer loopholes and stricter assault rifle regulation.

With a possible Democratic supermajority in Washington, we should expect a lot of progress on these issues. But the Democrats must not become overconfident. They need to establish a consensus with many of the alienated Trump voters and move cautiously so that the midterm reversals of past years are not repeated. We really cannot afford more of the partisan gridlock that has stymied progress over the past decade.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

I AM FEELING VERY PROUD OF MY REPUBLICAN PARTY NOW! THEIR POLICIES MAKE ME NOSTALGIC FOR THE GREAT TIMES OF THE '50S, WHEN AMERICA WAS POWERFUL AND PROUD !!

RIGHT. THOSE YEARS GAVE US INEQUALITY FOR WOMEN, RAMPANT RACIAL DISCRIMINATION INCLUDING LYNCHINGS, AND BEING GAY COULD LAND YOU IN PRISON. YES, THE REPUBLICANS ARE TRYING HARD TO TAKE US BACK TO "THE GOOD OLD DAYS."



COLD, DEAD HANDS

A BIBLE-STORY ACTOR AND A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE PLAY LEADING ROLES IN AMERICA'S DEADLY NIGHTMARE.

It's all the fault of Moses. Or more precisely Charlton Heston, who portrayed God's emissary in the epic 1956 film *The Ten Commandments*. The actor turned activist subsequently lent his divine authority to the cause of guaranteeing that even the most deranged gun nut in America has the "God-given right" to own a firearm.

Heston was president of the National Rifle Association when he reiterated that catchphrase in Michael Moore's 2002 documentary *Bowling for Columbine*, which explored this country's propensity for gun violence. But it was two years earlier, while addressing the NRA's 129th convention, that Heston galvanized the anti-gun control movement with an over-the-top pledge.

Brandishing a replica of a Revolutionary-era flintlock rifle, he didn't merely warn that Vice President Al Gore—a 2000 Presidential candidate who favored eminently sensible regulation of gun sales—"would take freedom away." Heston thundered, "I want to say those fighting words for everyone within the sound of my voice to hear and to heed, and especially for you, Mr. Gore: From my cold, dead hands!" It was a truncated version of a popular NRA bumper sticker reviling gun control: "I'll give you my gun when you pry it from my cold, dead hands."

With that rhetorical flight of fancy, Heston managed to instill the NRA's perverse interpretation of the U.S. Constitution's Second Amendment with the authority of the Ten Commandments entrusted to Moses. This was no small trick, mind you. The aforementioned amendment, which refers to the right of the people to "bear arms" in the service of "a well regulated Militia," hardly has the clarity of the commandments that Moses delivered, particularly the one about not committing murder.

But Hollywood movies often send mixed messages, as when Heston's pal and fellow actor Ronald Reagan got to play a real-life President of the United States. In 1986 Reagan appointed Antonin Scalia to the U.S. Supreme Court, and suddenly the NRA had the perfect jurist to invent a Constitutional protection for weapon fetishists.

But it wasn't until 2008, when Scalia wrote the majority opinion in *District of Columbia v. Heller*, that the Supreme Court's fateful shift in thinking about gun control was made indelibly clear. As judicial scholar and former judge Bill Blum noted in a *Truthdig* column, the landmark 5-4 decision "held for the first time that the Second Amendment protects an individual right to bear arms."

According to Blum, *Heller* "broke with the great weight of prior scholarship and Court opinions, including the Supreme Court's 1939 decision in *United States v. Miller*, which had held the Second Amendment protected private gun ownership only in connection with service in long-since antiquated state militia."

The point of the Second Amendment, and the Founders' acceptance of it into the U.S. Constitution, was to affirm states' rights, under the new federal system, to provide for law and order through "a well regulated Militia." The Second Amendment's intent had nothing to do with individuals' all-too-easy access to guns and the carnage that inevitably arises. The deep irony here is that the Founders' longstanding respect for states to set the rules regarding the possession of firearms came to be shredded with Scalia's grip on the Supreme Court.

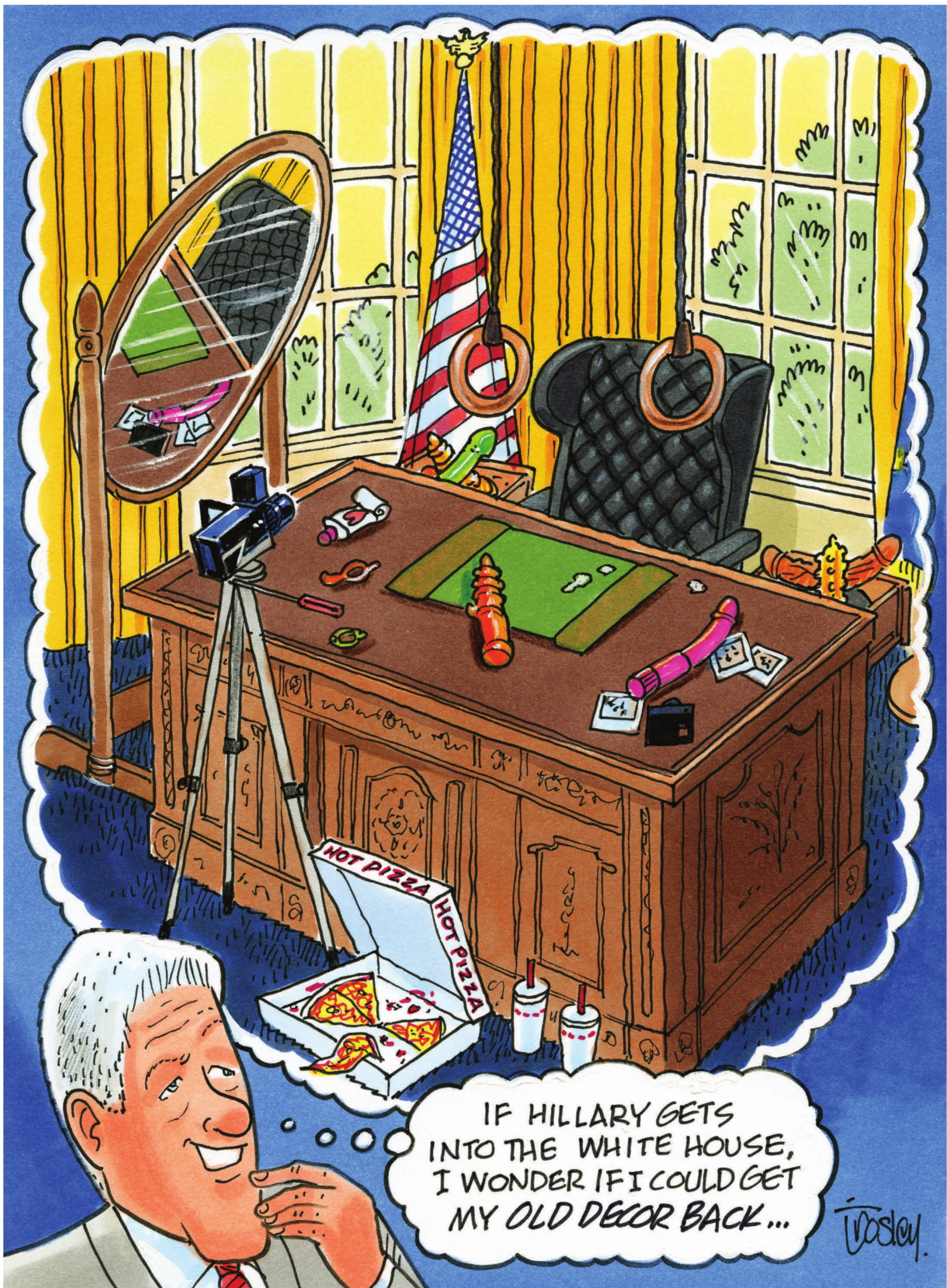
Following the *Heller* decision—which applied only to federally administered areas like Washington, D.C.—lower courts across the land

were overwhelmed by challenges to gun control laws. One pivotal case, *McDonald v. Chicago*, reached the Supreme Court, and in 2010 it elevated a citizen's ownership of firearms for lawful purposes to the status of a basic Constitutionally protected right, like freedom of speech. Scalia ally Samuel Alito wrote the 5-4 majority opinion.

As a result, Blum pointed out in his *Truthdig* column, the sensible decision of states like California, New York and Connecticut to regulate guns is vitiated by states like Texas and, most notably, Florida. Their lenient right-to-carry laws ensure that even a potential terrorist who has caught the eye of the FBI and is on the "do not fly" list can buy an AR-15 assault rifle in less than ten minutes and use it to massacre almost 50 people in a nightclub because he believes that being gay violates his God's law. Thanks to folks like Charlton Heston, Ronald Reagan and Antonin Scalia, the crazies get to play God. **H**

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of *Truthdig.com*. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy*.





THE VOTER REVOLUTION

NO ONE SAID IT WAS GONNA BE EASY.

For Democrats the 2016 Presidential primary season was rough and exhilarating. Hillary Clinton, with all her millions in corporate campaign cash, barely eked out a victory against Bernie Sanders, a popularly funded, self-proclaimed democratic socialist from Vermont. His unlikely rise from virtual obscurity nearly toppled Clinton while sparking the imagination of millions of Americans struck by the notion that a “political revolution” could really be within reach.

Alas, it didn’t work out for Sanders. At least for now. At least that’s what we’ve been told. What many newly engaged voters did not expect to find was that the U.S. electoral process is convoluted, confusing and fucked up. In state after state there were hours-long lines to vote, too few polling places, mass voter roll purges, voters prevented from being able to cast a vote at all for lack of photo ID (thanks to purposely restrictive new GOP laws), voting machine malfunctions and official results that often seemed to defy both preelection surveys and exit polling.

And all of that will likely be much worse come November thanks to new voting restrictions in dozens of states. For the first time in almost 50 years our country will hold a Presidential election without the full protective force of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, which was gutted by the U.S. Supreme Court in 2013.

I’ve heard from many voters who were heartbroken and disillusioned after facing ridiculously stupid hurdles simply trying to vote in a primary. Many had no confidence that their ballot would be counted as cast. Some now feel like they never want to participate in the process again.

But to those who say “There’s not a dime’s worth of difference between the two major parties anyway,” I’d say you must have been in a coma during the unspeakable death, destruction and corruption that defined the George W. Bush regime. To those who say voting doesn’t matter, see above. Want to stay home instead of facing hurdles and disappointment? Message from the Bad Guys: “Thanks! Yours is one more vote we don’t have to try to steal.”

Yes, the thrill of victory and agony of defeat is one of the beautiful and horrible things about democracy. People become emotionally invested. When your candidate loses, it can be devastating. The Democratic Party seems to care about results of close elections, but only

when their preferred candidate is losing. It has had years to find ways to improve our electoral process—even in so-called blue states, where Democratic lawmakers can determine the voting system to be used. Yet they have still failed to institute systems in which we can all have confidence. (My suggestion: hand-marked paper ballots, publicly counted at every polling place immediately after the close of voting, with results posted before ballots are moved anywhere. I call it Democracy’s Gold Standard.)

Caring only about their preferred candidates and not about voters, or arguably even the issues at stake, the Democratic Party has helped turn off several generations from the electoral process entirely. Party apparatchiks need to fight for the public’s ability to oversee elections and results. Voters of all stripes need to do the same thing. We *all* need to fight like hell to ensure that every eligible voter can vote and that our votes are counted and counted accurately no matter how abhorrent the candidate may be that you or I support. Democracy is bigger than any one candidate.

As Sanders told supporters after the primaries wrapped up, “Election days come and go. But political and social revolutions that attempt to transform our society never end. They continue every day, every week and every month in the fight to create a nation of social and economic justice.”

You say you want a revolution? Well, get in line—at the polling place, where actual revolution happens. But if you thought it was gonna be easy, you must still be in that Bush-era coma.

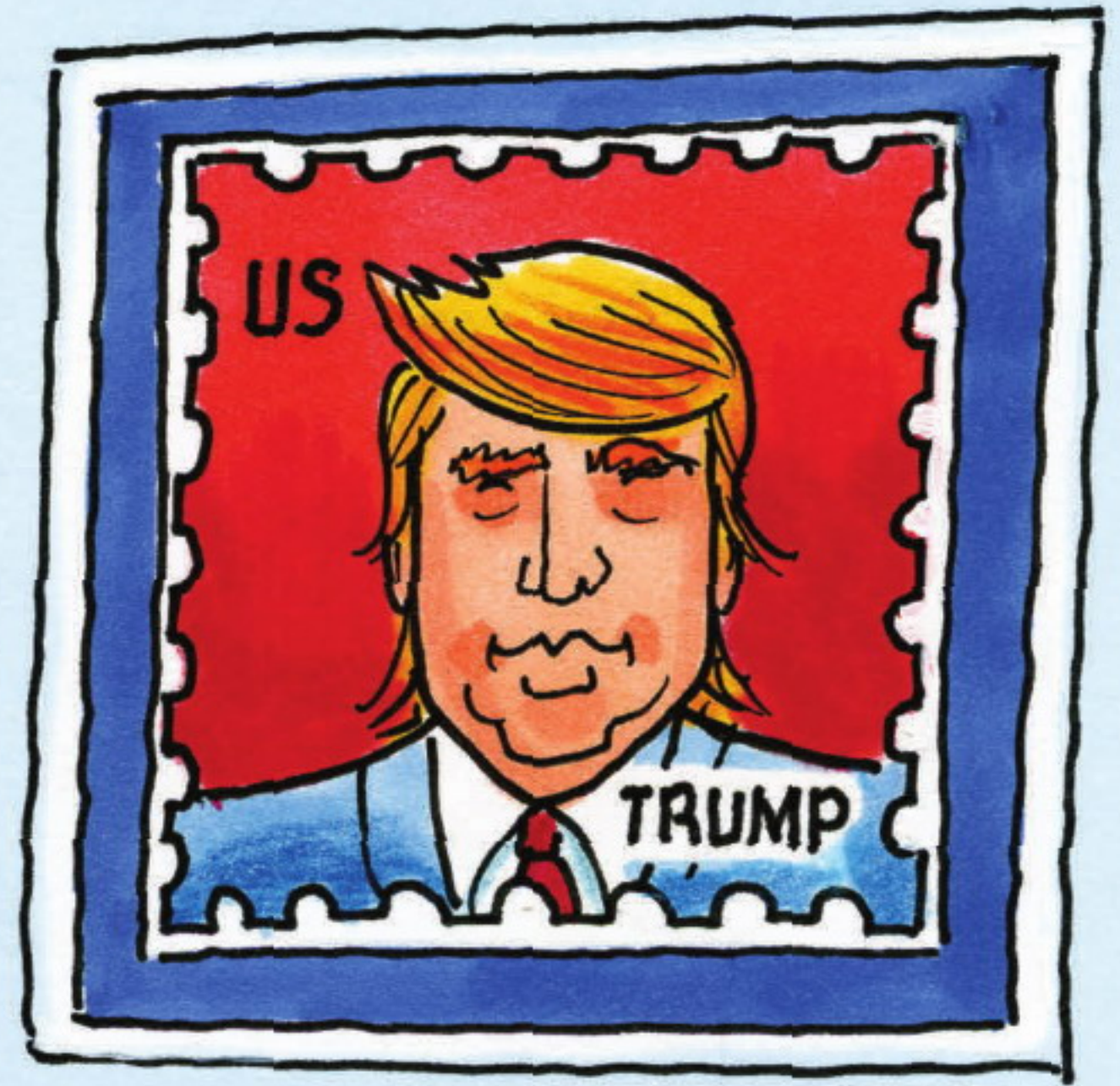
“Real change never takes place from the top down,” Sanders said. “It always occurs from the bottom on up—when tens of millions of people say ‘Enough is enough’ and become engaged in the fight for justice.”

Join the fight. Vote. And if you are told that you can’t vote or that your vote doesn’t matter or that you can’t know whether or not your vote was counted accurately, that just means it’s time to fight even harder for political revolution. **H**

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (BradBlog.com).



U.S. POST OFFICE



Wosley.

"It's a new commemorative stamp celebrating the demise of the Republican Party."

Ever since Paul Ryan was picked as Mitt Romney's VP sidekick for their failed 2012 campaign, he's been the standard-bearer for the GOP. Along with Mitch McConnell in the Senate, he has spearheaded the scorched-earth strategy of the past eight years—knee-jerk opposition to anything and everything Obama and the Democrats have proposed, however reasonable and compromising the proposal.

Looking like a bastard son of Ronald Reagan with his low-forehead shock of black hair, Ryan puts another happy face on the thick-skinned agenda of trickle-down economics that has devastated the working and middle classes for the past four decades. His famous budget proposal in 2012 was justly dubbed "Romneyhood" by Obama—Robin Hood in reverse, taking from the poor and giving to the superrich, who have grown fantastically richer in the past two decades, while the other 99% has suffered wage stagnation and higher rates of unemployment, poverty, depression and suicide.

But this is not the crisis Ryan sees: "We risk hitting a tipping point in our society where we have more takers than makers.... We're going to either have a taker society or a maker society." Forget all the statistics and evidence. It's a great moral issue, you see: the Holy Makers vs. Evil Takers, as defined by Ryan's muse, Ayn Rand.

Ryan began reading Rand in high school, where he was elected prom king, then crowned "Biggest Brown-Noser" by his classmates. "The reason I got involved in public service, by and large, if I had to credit one thinker, one person," he said in 2005, "it would be Ayn Rand."

In 1974 Rand contracted lung cancer from her long two-pack-a-day smoking habit, and promptly reaped the Social Security and Medicare benefits that she had always blasted as communistic perversions against her free-market utopia. *I hate you, Uncle Sam—but help me now!* Worse, though, was her celebration of an infamous serial killer in the 1920s as an ideal hero: William Edward Hickman went on a robbing and killing spree before kidnapping, murdering and dismembering a 12-year-old girl. Meeting the father for a ransom exchange, he actually propped the head and torso of the dead girl, with her eyelids sewn open, in the front seat of his car. Collecting the ransom, he then tossed the limbless body in front of the horrified father and sped off.

This is how Rand celebrated Hickman: "Other people do not exist for him, and he does not see why they should.... [He has] no regard whatsoever for all that society holds sacred, and with a consciousness all his own. He has the true, innate psychology of a Superman."



PAUL RYAN

This sickness is the "true, innate psychology" of the 21st-century GOP and all of its pious altar boys, from Alan Greenspan to Paul Ryan: the consciousness not of a "Superman," but Superassholes concerned only with slaking their own insatiable greed while dismembering the economy and safety net for those less fortunate.

It's no wonder Ryan feels a deep affinity for Rand's sick hypocrisy; after his father died when he was 16, young Paul himself received Social Security survivor benefits, which he saved to attend Miami University in Ohio. It was a terrible tragedy for him and the whole family. Lightning, in one form or another, strikes us all eventually. In Ryan's case, Uncle Sam was there to help bail him out.

After college, he moved to D.C. as a Congressional aide, working a few odd jobs and even driving an Oscar Meyer Wiernmobile for a while. And that's the sum of his private-sector experience before entering politics in 1992, where his salary has been paid by taxpayers ever since. Not that he really needs that pittance; Ryan and his wife Janna are millionaires, with most of their income coming from inheritances and trust funds. Additionally, the Koch brothers and conservative kingmaker Paul Singer pour megamoney into Ryan's campaign coffers.

So far, after 17 years in Congress, all Ryan has produced, aside from a lot of boilerplate sermons preaching the stale Republican gospel, are 70 bills or amendments as the primary sponsor, *only two of which passed*—which renders

him a "maker" of fine, handcrafted, made-in-the-USA partisan bullshit. And nothing else.

His Roadmap for America's Future included partially privatizing Social Security and ending both Medicare and most of Medicaid to fund massive tax cuts for corporations, himself and his fellow millionaires. It would have been so destructive to working families and the poor that the Catholic bishops, who rarely enter the political fray, were aroused to denounce it. Ryan is a professed Catholic, but he's not really a *practicing* one with these kinds of brutal, selfish policies.

The man further demonstrated his insensitive mentality in 2014, when he regaled a CPAC conference with the story of a "young boy from a very poor family" who received free, subsidized lunches at school. "He didn't want a free lunch," Ryan said. "He wanted his own lunch, one in a brown paper bag, just like the other kids. He wanted one, he said, because he knew a kid with a brown paper bag had someone who cared for him. This is what the left does not understand." He ended with this brilliant summation: The Obama Administration offers Americans "a full stomach—and an empty soul."

This is what you don't understand, Asshole: When schools close down for the holidays and summer, many less fortunate kids—those without Daddy's trust fund—often go hungry, because those subsidized lunches are one of their main sources of nutrition. But this could be salutary in Ryan's eyes: Let the kid go hungry so he'll have a starvation-induced spiritual awakening, a full, newly proud and selfish soul feasting on *Atlas Shrugged*. Then he'll be inspired to scrimp for college, study hard and become a Wall Street bankster raking in billions while another 40% of middle-class wealth is wiped out by his insatiable avarice. See, kid, you may be starving now, but just reject any "socialist" handouts, endure your present painful hunger, and maybe you too can become a sociopathic glutton!

No, it's not capitalism under threat, Paulie Boy—it's your brand of bloodsucking casino capitalism that makes absolutely *nothing* of tangible value. Your policies have foreclosed on American homes and shipped millions of jobs overseas, and now you want to shred any remaining safety net. Hell, Ryan even charges \$15 to attend his town hall meetings, to keep the riffraff constituents out. Holy Mother of God, what a jackass!

Actor Jason Biggs got it right with his tweet: "I bet there's footage somewhere of Paul Ryan jerking off to a close-up photo of his widow's peak." **H**

PUBLICITY! STUPIDITY!



About 450 streakers rode 18 miles through Los Angeles to support World Naked Bike Ride (WNBR), a global grassroots movement held every June in cities around the world to raise awareness about traffic pollution and oil dependency. The Los Angeles Police Department provided escorts for the jubilant group of bikers, skaters and rollerbladers, who enthusiastically embraced WNBR’s “bare as you dare” and “express yourself” dress code. Applauding onlookers were equally enthusiastic—many in the crowd dropped trou in solidarity.

Designed to be inclusive and friendly to all ages, genders and types, the organization’s website devoted an entire section to explaining that the “anything goes” spirit of the day did have limits: No cock rings. No fetish gear. And definitely no erections: “When people are going to be naked in public for the first time, a common question is, ‘What if I get an erection?’ That’s actually quite unlikely—you may be surprised at how quickly it feels completely normal for everyone around you to be naked! However, if it does happen, then just put your pants back on until it goes away.” Spotter cars followed the cyclists to assist folks in need of rest and equipment repair, including, perhaps, boner deflation.

To learn more about the organization, check out wnbrla.org.

“Free” porn hub xHamster doesn’t pay for content, but it sure spends on public relations. So far this year xHamster’s gotten widespread media coverage for: 1) announcing it was blocking all IP addresses from North Carolina until the state repealed its bigoted bathroom segregation bill; 2) declaring (less than 24 hours later) that North Carolinians *could* access xHamster, so long as they clicked “No” on the pop-up question “Do you support the anti-LGBT bill in North Carolina?”; 3) proclaiming it would sponsor a “Pornopolooza” LGBT charity concert—but only if fellow LGBT supporters Bruce Springsteen and Bryan Adams played (so, not happening); 4) offering *Gawker* founder Nick Denton \$35,000 if he’d make a gay sex video with a Hulk Hogan look-alike; and 5) leeching on to public outrage over Stanford rapist Brock Turner by announcing its plans to “end rape culture for good.” In other words, lots of press for doing jack shit.

We love cheap, disgusting publicity stunts, but xHamster’s so-called “Brock Turner” rule is as vile and self-serving as young Mr. Turner. “Buzzwords have been put into effect so any keyword corresponding to nonconsensual sex will not be uploaded and the user will be banned,” Chief Marketing Officer Alexander D. Hawkins told *The Huffington Post*. Type “rape” into xHamster’s search engine and, instead of receiving no results, as has always been their policy, users now receive the following message, “If you are searching for this category, probably it’s time you consulted with a professional psychologist,” along with a link to a therapy site.

But xHamster continues to host a deep cache of “rape” scenario videos under words like *intruder*, *reluctant* and so on. And if it really cared about people troubled by thoughts of sexual violence, it would not send them to 7cups.com (no relation to *2 Girls 1 Cup*), a counseling site that connects those seeking help with anyone-can-sign-up “listeners” who have completed the company’s free “Active Listening training program.” None of the listed therapy topics include sex, let alone rape—which is probably a good thing, since most people who have rape fantasies aren’t perverted or troubled and shouldn’t be made to think that they are.

Academic studies conducted since the 1970s reveal that a majority of people—men and women—have some form of rape fantasy. In his “All About Sex” column for *Psychology Today*, award-winning health journalist Michael Castleman notes, “Fantasies allow us to ‘experience’ the outer limits of our imaginations safely, with no risk—and for some people, that includes fantasies of coerced sex. In fantasy everything is permitted and nothing is wrong.”

xHamster’s PR exploitation shows no actual concern about sexual violence. We would have been more impressed if you had gotten the Boss to play.

LESS GAS, MORE ASS



PHOTO © ROGER BAMBER/ALAMY

CINDERELLA STORY



Temperatures in Phoenix, Arizona, hit record highs this summer, but extreme heat did not deter locals from celebrating HUSTLER Hollywood's grand opening. Beautiful women arrived wearing their hottest lingerie to compete in the Honey Search, but the winner of the \$500 store shopping spree and HUSTLER Magazine appearance just happened to be passing by. "It was a very slow day at work, and I was a bit annoyed I wasn't making money," says Carinna, a 27-year-old dancer. "I saw the store and decided to stop to cheer myself up with a little shopping. I've worked at several HUSTLER clubs up and down the West Coast. Arizona is the first state I've lived in where there were no Larry Flynt clubs or stores, so I was very happy to see this store open." A sales associate spotted Carinna and suggested she enter the contest. "Initially I said no," Carinna recounts. "I wasn't prepared and was dressed in sweatpants and flip-flops. But when they said Larry Flynt would be making an appearance, I decided to stay. I've always wanted to meet him."

Carinna's decision to hang around paid off. While she was waiting, she found an outfit to wear for the contest, and was personally selected by Mr. Flynt to be HUSTLER's first Phoenix Honey. "I wasn't as dolled up as the other girls, so I didn't think I'd win at all," she recalls. "It was very shocking when I did!" Like many in attendance that day, for her the biggest thrill was meeting Mr. Flynt in the flesh. "I was giddy before he even got out of the car. I got to kiss Larry on his cheek, and I couldn't get over how soft his skin was," she confesses. "And feeling the weight of his gold jewelry on his hand when he congratulated me on winning—wow!" Judging by these photos, the delight was mutual.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HAUTE PHOTOGRAPHY & VIDEOGRAPHY



SEEDS OF SLEAZE

You know how, when you lose a job, spouse or appendage, well-intentioned people will say that one day, you'll realize it was the best thing that ever happened to you? Fuck those people. Rick Friday, a fourth-generation farmer and editorial cartoonist for *Farm News* got the boot after turning in a cartoon about the current economic state of U.S. farming. In the panel one farmer laments, "I wish there was more profit in farming." "There is," says the other. "In year 2015 the CEOs of Monsanto, DuPont Pioneer and John Deere combined made more money than 2,129 Iowa farmers."

Farm News ran Friday's cartoon as it had every Friday (how fitting!) for 21 years. But come Monday, an editor told him that a "large company affiliated with one of the corporations mentioned" had taken offense, canceled its advertisement, and they would no longer be running Friday's toons. That couldn't have been a shittier move than if John Deere had done the job with 1,000 manure spreaders. The story of Friday's termination hit front pages around the world. "*Farm News* pretty much lost their advertising department from what I hear," says Friday. Still, he doesn't hold a grudge. "I'd probably go back, but under my terms—exclusive rights to my cartoons and a little bit more money." Friday and his wife have both worked full-time jobs in addition to running their farm, and none of their five children could afford to follow in the family footsteps. "It's sad," he says. "My two oldest are in construction, one's in real estate, one's a teacher, and the other is a lawyer. It costs less to get a law degree than it does to start farming. Isn't that something?" *Something* is one word for it.

Monsanto, a chemical company that brought us DDT, PCBs, aspartame, saccharin and bonus—cancer!—has been terrifying farmers since the 1980s, when it switched its focus to agrochemicals and agricultural biotechnology. But don't blame them for Friday's termination. Monsanto's corporate media relations lead Christi Dixon reached out on Monsanto's website with a public assurance: "Rick.... As you may know, we weren't aware of the cartoon until Monday, May 2 and we had no part in your departure from *Farm News*. We appreciate anyone who speaks out on behalf of farmers."

That's rich coming from a company that fought all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court to uphold its right to sue small farmers whose fields were inadvertently contaminated by even miniscule traces of Monsanto products. If you really want a sense of Monsanto's appreciation for farmers, check out the 2015 mini-documentary *Seeding Fear*, produced by musician Neil Young and currently available on YouTube.

"The farmer is the only man in our economy who buys everything at retail, sells everything at wholesale and pays the freight both ways." —JOHN F. KENNEDY, U.S. PRESIDENT



Free Porn!

I saw the news that Larry is giving out free copies of the latest Donald Trump porn parody movie *The Donald* to every Republican in Congress. Then I read that Larry is giving free copies of HUSTLER to every member of Utah's state legislature in response to that state's governor (Gary Herbert) declaring porn a "public health crisis." Have you folks ever wondered if maybe those Rebuttl-icken assholes are just talking so much shit in order to get free porn?

Back when I was a teenager, HUSTLER magazines were like golden manna from heaven. So if Larry wants to donate porn to horny monkey spankers, then build a time machine, travel back to the mid-1990s and give a stack of material to me and my friends. I love getting HUSTLER every month. Unfortunately, a lot of people these days don't value good porn as much as they used to, because some motherfuckers think they should be able to rip it all off for free online. I invest in

the erotic arts because it's worth having good pornography in the world and in my personal erection collection.

If Larry wants to make a political and social statement, he could donate porn to homeless shelters and also to cash-strapped students on college campuses. But if Larry wants to give a bunch of porn away for free for no reason, well, he can always send a giant skanker-tanker truck of it my way. Then I can start my own filthy store right here in Shittsburgh. Heck, if I can make them ol' streets any stickier, then I'll have done my part for America too.

—Lee Paxton

Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

Too Slutty?

It is too bad a smut peddler like you could not be President. I have been a fan of your magazine since I was 13. Now that I'm older, I have a subscription to your magazine. I love it! There is nothing in there that scares me. Your editorials are spot on. I only wish that sometimes you would write about Canadian issues or poke fun at our new Liberal government.

The real reason I am knocking on your door is because of your June 2016 issue featuring Amber Rose. This is the only thing in your magazine that has ever offended me in the 17 years I have paid attention to your publication. I appreciate the models in your magazine and what they do, but this abomination of a

Brett Rossi and Samantha Saint made readers sweat in our Anniversary '16 issue.



female telling other females that it is okay to dress like a slut is completely one-minded. In her interview she boasts about dressing so scantily that she causes car accidents and she is proud of it. Endangering lives—great idea! I believe in the empowerment of women, but not this way. I find it hard to believe that Amber could write a book with any grammatical competence, since she uses the word *like* 47 times. What a fraud! She is not a woman to be revered. In the words of Forrest Gump, "That's all I have to say about that."

—Dirty Danny Duncan
Niagara, Ontario

Missed You Too

Having just bought your Anniversary 2016 issue, here are some comments from a devoted reader. I missed the *Feedback* column. Not so much as to see something from me, but I do enjoy reading comments from other readers. If you could find room for a second page of *Feedback* letters, that would be appreciated by many. Now about the women, which is what HUSTLER is all about to me. Your centerfold pictorial with Brett Rossi and Samantha Saint [*Hot Stuff*] was as good a lesbian show as I have seen in any porn magazine in a hell of a long time. This is 1,000% hardcore shit

beautifully photographed by Tammy Sands, who is producing brilliant porno layouts in 2016. Clearly this pictorial and both dolls rate five stars for their magnificent XXX production. Thanks for this great issue!

—Bill Smith
Chicago, Illinois

Goddess Grey

Just recently started to get HUSTLER, and it is by far amazing. June is an awesome issue. Alex Grey [*Morning Glow*] is a goddess, and I'd love to get a taste as she sits on my face and then goes to her favorite cow-girl position. Keep it up, HUSTLER.

—James Armstrong
Mahomet, Illinois

Because.

Why? Why? Why? I have been a reader of HUSTLER for a few years now and generally love the magazine. But after reading numerous issues, I just have one question: Why does a pussy mag for men give a fuck about fags and homos so much?

—Brad Thompson
Mankato, Minnesota

HUSTLER aims to be a pussy mag that gives a fuck about everyone. Disputations are part of living in a democracy, so if we offended you, God Bless America!

Congratulations to Dirty Danny of Niagara, Ontario in Canada for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month. It isn't easy to offend our readers, and additionally, a man who values grammatical competence in a female is no one to sneeze at. We'll be sending him something nice from the HUSTLER store to help soothe his disappointment in Amber Rose's joie de vivre. Want to be next month's winner? Send letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



CHEMTRAILS AND MIND CONTROL

REMEMBERING HUSTLER'S EDITORIAL DIRECTOR BRUCE DAVID
BY KEITH VALCOURT



They say you should not speak ill of the dead. But *they*, whoever they are, never met Bruce David. When the longtime Editorial Director of HUSTLER passed away in June 2016, messages flooded in from his former employees and coworkers, ranging from the obligatory “That’s sad” to “That’s good news!” to “He was an asshole, but he was *our* asshole.” How do you memorialize a man who agitated, aggravated and pissed off most people he met? Who taunted, teased and occasionally tortured his staff? You tell the truth. Your truth. As Bruce David did in the pages of HUSTLER every day during his time here. You don’t sugarcoat it. You mention the conspiracy theories, the paranoia and the weirdness.

You have to be honest, direct and graphic. Because that’s what Bruce did in every article, cartoon and column he placed in HUSTLER. Truth is, Bruce David never truly cared about anyone’s opinion of him. Except maybe Larry Flynt’s. Bruce didn’t care. It was one of the qualities that made him a singular force. He really only cared about a few things: his sons, his website www.swapsale.com and making HUSTLER Magazine the greatest publication on the newsstand.

Bruce started at HUSTLER in the mid-1970s, after a stint working for Al Goldstein on his revolutionary cable show *Midnight Blue* and landmark smut mag *Screw*. Bruce loved to brag about how Larry “stole” him away from Goldstein. We asked Mr. Flynt to give us the true story. “Bruce was working for *Screw* magazine and wrote a review of the very first issue of HUSTLER back in 1974. He said, ‘The new men’s

upstart, HUSTLER, has just nudged out *Refrigerator Monthly* as the most boring publication in America.’ So I called him up. I told him, ‘I love your review. And I agree with you, by the way. Why don’t you come to Columbus and help us out.’”

Bruce spent the next decade helping to transform the magazine into a landmark publication. He tailored HUSTLER’s editorial content to reflect his tastes and beliefs. Articles about conspiracy theories and government plots became the norm, as well as the most graphic images possible. The coverlines on the magazine dared you *not* to read HUSTLER. Bruce was part P.T. Barnum, part Robert Ripley. All focus. He left in the 1980s to live out his dreams of working as a television writer. He wrote scripts for the classic sitcoms *ALF* and *Family Ties*, as well as the drama *MacGyver*. In 1996 he returned to LFP to create the magazine *Rage* before helming HUSTLER once again until his semiretirement in 2013.

I first met Bruce in 2004, when I became the *Bits & Pieces*/Entertainment Editor. During my first week there he screamed at me while I was outside on my lunch hour because I was eating microwave popcorn. “Are you an idiot?! That shit will give you cancer!” This while he was sucking down yet another in a series of cigarettes. (By my count he smoked a pack a day.) “Doesn’t matter anyway,” he said smugly. “See those?” He pointed at the jet exhaust being made by a commercial airliner flying above. “Those are chemtrails. The government is spraying us all on a daily basis to keep us in line. They are slowly killing us.” He believed that.

In print Bruce often had me refer to him as “The Asshole Down the Hall,” an ominous, oppressive force out to ruin everybody’s good time. And there were times when he was that. Canceling monthly pizza parties so employees couldn’t “become friends and conspire against me.” Bruce’s words. And times when he wasn’t. One day he demanded I run to my doctor’s office and demand they give me three prescriptions of Tamiflu to protect my wife, baby daughter and myself from the impending bird flu.

When I developed stomach issues and a colonoscopy revealed it was nothing more than stress caused by work (aka Bruce), he had the solution. Bruce leaned across his desk and said, “I can heal you with my mind.” *What?!* For close to an hour Bruce sat across from me, eyes closed, focusing on sending healing energy into the air. He never touched me. And my stomach never improved. But I let him think it did.

As the years rolled on, I saw cracks in the veneer that let me know he wasn’t a tough guy. At times I saw him act human. When a minor earthquake shook the Flynt building, staffers gathered at my door and asked what we should do. I said, “Let’s ask Bruce.” At that exact moment a second jolt hit, and our fearless leader came screaming down the hall, arms flailing. He nearly bowled a few of us over making for the exit.

There were other times he would let his guard down. During several of my celebrity feature interviews for HUSTLER, Bruce insisted on sitting in on the interviews, especially if they were sci-fi stars. When I arranged for his hero William Shatner to come in, Bruce was reduced to a fanboy. Beyond wanting to be in the room for the chat, Bruce mentioned he had a pair of boots he bought online that Shatner had worn on *Star Trek* and he was going to have Shatner sign them. I begged him not to. But he was the boss. As I wrapped up the interview, Bruce rushed Shatner, boots in hand, and gushed. Shatner was quick to point out that the boots were too small for him and featured a heel that he would have never worn. Bruce was dejected, but still sheepishly asked, “Will you sign them anyway?”

I think that may have been only one of two times he ever said thank you to me. It’s fitting that longtime Managing Editor Morgen “Tex” Hagen memorialized Bruce in this way: “‘You either believe in yourself or you don’t,’ said *Star Trek*’s Captain James T. Kirk. Those words describe Bruce David, a sci-fi aficionado who idolized the commander of the Starship *Enterprise*. As Larry Flynt’s longtime right-hand man and fellow visionary, Bruce merits another Kirk maxim, ‘Most legends have their basis in fact.’”

Bruce was a lot of things. My mentor. My boss. Not my friend. My greatest tormentor and my biggest supporter. A constant source for comic material. And “The Asshole Down the Hall.” But in the end I’m glad to have known him and thankful he gave a “bit-part sitcom actor” a shot. I hope he will be remembered fondly and missed by those whose lives he touched. Even the ones he fucked with. Larry perhaps summed it up best when he said, “Bruce David worked for Larry Flynt Publications for nearly four decades. He was stubborn, arrogant, very creative. He was Bruce.” That he was. **H**





ARYA FAE

**PRACTICE
MAKES PERFECT**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
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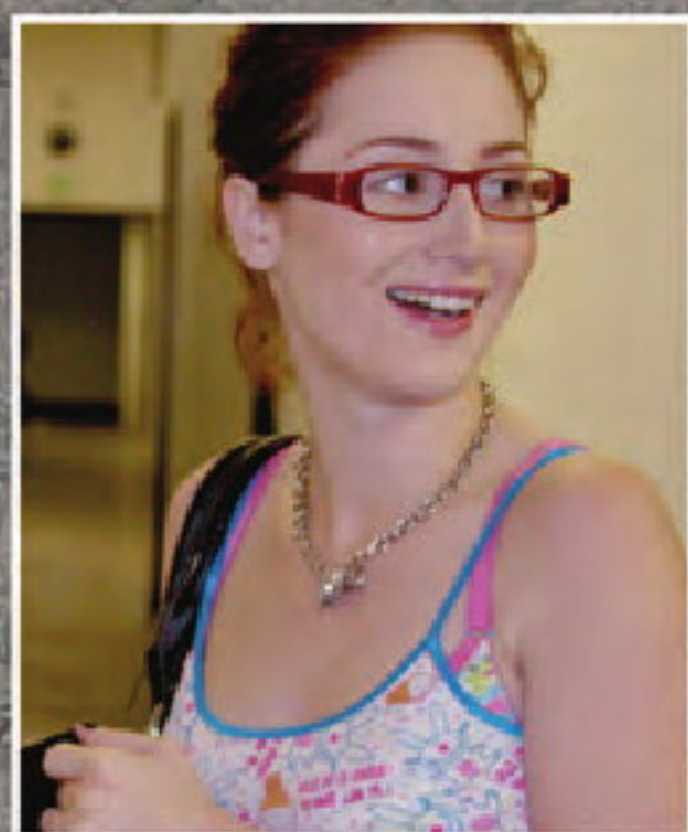


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You know **how** frustrating
it is to try to chat up a girl in a
loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get **PERSONAL**
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE
↓



A lot of the guys who come to Kiev to study are really after sex and girlfriends. Ukrainian women are known for being very beautiful, very feminine. When I was growing up, sex was something people didn't talk about, something you didn't do if you were a nice girl. Lucky for me, by the time I entered university, attitudes had changed. It's like everyone was repressed for so long, and now everyone just wants to fuck!

"Last year, for my birthday, my then-boyfriend, an American, woke me up at 2 a.m. and took me to the student lounge. He laid me back on the same table where our friends do homework, yanked off my panties and fucked me silly. I was digging my nails into his back, just about to orgasm, when he pulled out and sprayed all over my stomach. I was like, *Seriously? I didn't even come!* So he grabbed my hands, led me up five flights of stairs to the roof, pulled off my dress and took me doggy-style. It was freezing, but I didn't care. And yes, I did have the best climax of my life."









*Here's your
homework!
xoxo,
Sarah*





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SARAH'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Kiev, Ukraine** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-8**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-25-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**



AT AN ORGY I FUCKED 22,
AND DAMN, WAS I GLAD
TO GET THROUGH.
A WHOLE NIGHT OF SEXING
TURNS BORING AND VEXING,
BUT AT ORGIES
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO?

A Republican, a Democrat and Bill Clinton were traveling through Nebraska when a tornado picked up their car and tossed it miles into the air. When the car finally landed back on the ground, the three men were amazed to discover that they'd been transported to Oz.

"I'm going to ask the Wizard for courage," said the Democrat.

"I'm going to ask him for a heart," said the Republican.

Bill scanned the horizon. "Do you think he knows where Dorothy is?"

him cope. Also, my wife lets him fuck her once a month, which keeps his spirits up."

"That's the guy I want to talk to, the mentally challenged one. I'll need to conduct an interview with him immediately."

Mr. Smith took off his cap. "That'd be me. What would you like to know?"

Question: Why do men like to date women who stutter?

Answer: By the time they can say "N-n-n-n-n-no!" he's already finished.

Question: How do you make holy water?

Answer: Boil the hell out of it.

The Department of Labor suspected that Smith, a fishing boat owner in Duluth, Minnesota, wasn't paying his workers legal wages. A government agent was sent to the seaport city to investigate the fisherman.

"I need a list of your employees and how much you pay them," the agent demanded.

"Well, there's Clarence, my hired hand. He's been with me for three years. I pay him \$500 a week plus room and board. Then there's the mentally challenged guy. He works 18 hours a day, seven days a week. He gets about \$50 per week and pays his own room and board."

"Does he get benefits? Health insurance, vacation time, sick leave, retirement, that kind of thing?"

Smith thought a bit. "No, but I do get him a bottle of Seagram's and a dozen Miller Lites every Saturday night to help

Sister Mary felt guilty and went to confession. "Father, I seek absolution. I never wear panties under my habit," she confessed.

"That's not too serious, Sister," said the priest. "Just say five Hail Marys and five Our Fathers; then do five cartwheels."

Two drunks were sitting in a bar when one threw up all over himself. "Damn," he said. "My wife is going to kill me when she sees this."

"Put \$20 in your pocket. When she asks what it's for, say a man threw up on you and gave you money to buy a new shirt."

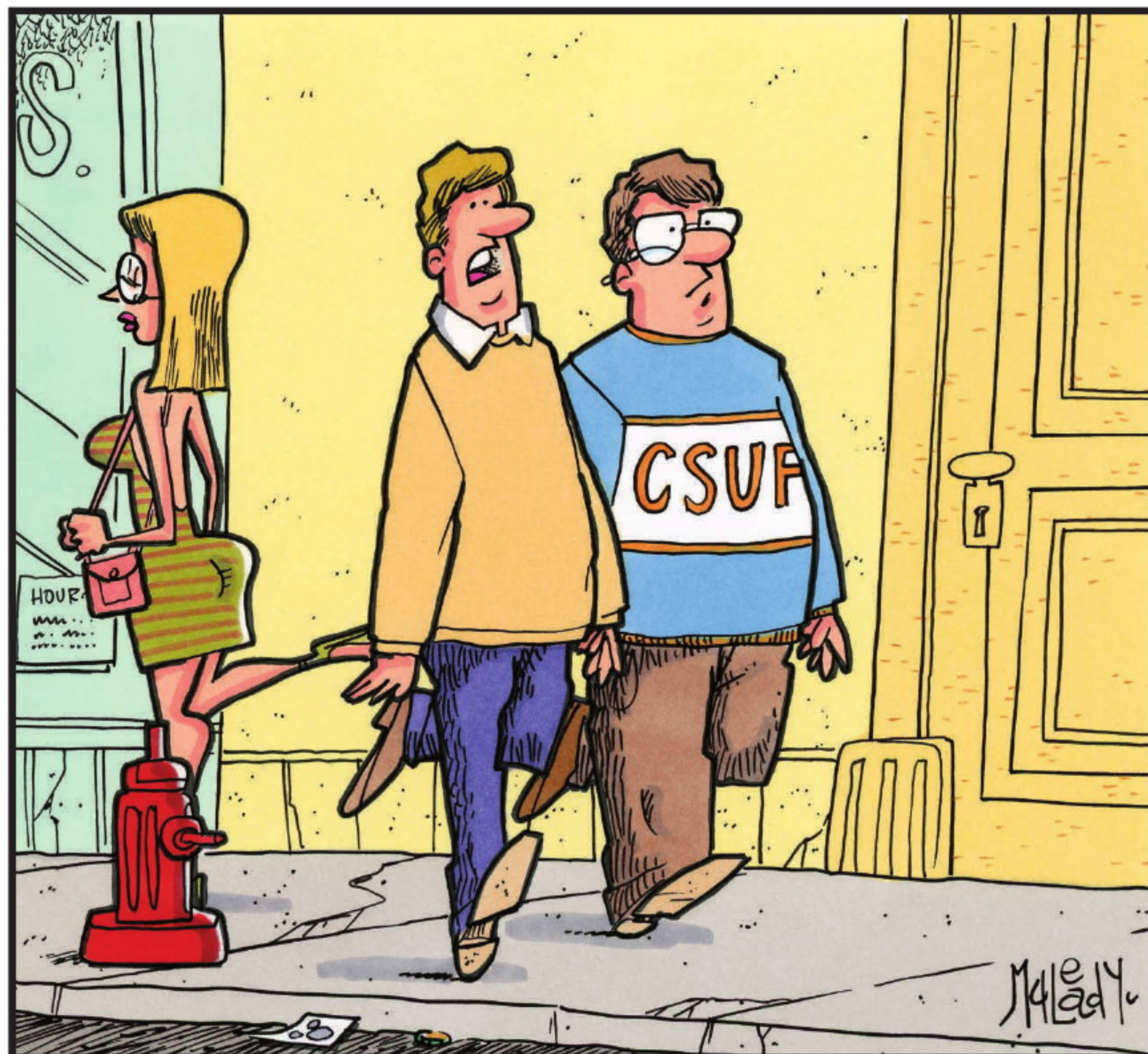
The drunk staggered home, where sure enough, his angry wife confronted him. "You're covered in vomit!"

"It's not my fault," he said. "A man threw up on me and gave me \$20 to buy a new shirt."

"What do you mean, \$20?" she said. "There's \$40 here."

"He shit in my pants too."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"I went to the fights last night, and a Trump rally broke out."

BETTER TIGHTER WETTER

GET THE PUSSY OF YOUR DREAMS

GENTLEMEN, INCREDIBLE SEX IS WITHIN YOUR REACH. LADIES, REMEMBER THAT PINK, TIGHT, ORGASMIC PUSSY OF YOUR TEENS? HAROLD LANCER, M.D., F.A.A.D., DOCTOR TO THE STARS, GIVES HUSTLER AN EXCLUSIVE ON A CUTTING EDGE VAGINAL REJUVENATION PROCEDURE—WITHOUT THE CUTTING. NO DOWNTIME. NO DOWNSIDE. JUST RADIOFREQUENCY ENERGY GENTLY HEATING THE TISSUES TO RESTORE TONE AND FUNCTION. WE SENT NOTED ADULT PERFORMER HOLLY HEART TO FIND OUT IF THERMIVA COULD GIVE HER A BETTER, WETTER VAGINA. AND WHILE SHE WAS BEING TREATED, WE QUIZZED THE GOOD DOCTOR.



INTERVIEW BY ANNA DUNBAR
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KELLY WEBB

HUSTLER: Doctor, your credentials are impressive and include medical school at University of California, postgraduate work at Harvard and then training at prestigious universities in Tel Aviv and London. Which eventually landed you in Beverly Hills. How long have you been practicing as a board-certified dermatologist on Rodeo Drive?

DR. HAROLD LANCER: I'm 62, and I started my private practice in 1983 on Wilshire Boulevard, in a ten by ten room, 100 square feet, five patients. My office now is 12,000 square feet, and I probably have the largest single-physician practice on earth, 30,000 active files.

You see, Harvard Medical School developed laser therapy. So my first introduction to the world of dermatology was using lasers to repair scar tissue, whether it was birth scars, belly scars, surgical scars... This office has a policy of using the least minimally invasive procedure to get the job done. So if it's removing a skin tumor, instead of cutting open the whole face, we do it with lasers. Part of the practice is medical dermatology, part of it is tumor work, and the rest is

cosmetic. Even in the cosmetic arena, there are ways to firm the skin and tighten the skin without surgically invading the skin. Which brings us to radiofrequency.

Temperature-controlled radiofrequency treatments?

Yes. As you know, vaginal cosmetic procedures in the last 15 years have been extremely invasive. Massive labiaplasties, vaginoplasties—I mean six- to 12-hour procedures, general anesthesia—were the only choice. And the result may be wonderful; it may not. But for the six-hour procedure there may be a six- or 12-month rehab period. I think that the majority of patients don't have the slightest clue what the rehabilitation will be. I know a 54-year-old woman who had some of the surgery done purely for cosmetic reasons. It's been eight months. She still can't have intercourse; she can barely sit or walk normally, because of residual swelling. A patient has a specific physical concern, so they go to surgeon X, Y or Z. But they're surgeons; so they do surgery. >>



If you go to a surgeon, they're going to want to cut.

That's right. It's like that old expression: If you have a hammer, everything's a nail.

What are the risks of surgery?

Well, there are anesthesia risks, infection risks, bleeding risks. And then you get dyspareunia, or painful intercourse, indefinitely. So stuff happens when you do aggressive surgical procedures. Now, I knew this early in life. That's why I was always in a laser world. It might take me a dozen treatments to revise a scar, but it's better than one surgical treatment. So then this company, ThermiVa, approached me.

Now, this technology has been used on other areas of the body?

Yes. ThermiRF is the name of the parent company. They're in Texas. I've known them for about five years. When they first came out with an instrument to tighten the neck area, I had a demo many times, and I told them, "Look, guys, for this indication there are many better treatments. But there's probably a technology that it's useful for." They came back to me, maybe November of 2014, and they said, "You know, we've been doing some studies, and we think we have a new indication with this machine ThermiVa. The clinical study has been done by a gynecologist; he's a very reliable, respectable guy. Here is the information."

Dr. Alinsod?

Right, Alinsod. And he's a very good fellow, very knowledgeable. So I see his tapes, his videos, his photos. I speak with him at our meeting, and I believe him. That's when I bought the machine. I don't own any stock in the company; I have no financial ties with this company, because I don't want to be somebody's hostage. But from the start I was interested because it's noninvasive and presents a potential alternative to surgery that I know is brutal. Once we'd treated the first few ladies, we opened it up to our patient base, 30,000 patients—let's say 80% of them are women. Patients are always asking, "What's new in Dr. Lancer's office?" And there wasn't a single patient—not a single patient—who wasn't interested. I was floored.

Eighteen- to 80-year-olds and anywhere in between, my staff told

**But why do they stay that way? It seems like the benefits would be of a more temporary nature.**

It's sort of like digestive appetite. When you have someone in starvation, they don't know they're hungry. They don't produce the hormones that are involved in creating the sensation of hunger. When you bring back secretory function to something that's been asleep,

**“IT’S AN AESTHETICS THING AND IT’S A SEXUAL THING.
NOW I ENJOY INTERCOURSE SO MUCH MORE.”**

—HOLLY HEART

them, “We have this new procedure of vaginal tightening that improves not only the cosmetic appearance of the region, but functionality.” Because I was impressed by that, that when you treat the region, there's a phenomenal cosmetic change, but there's also a phenomenal functional change, the orgasmic part—and lubrication change, because there are two glands within the labia minora that do the majority of lubrication. For whatever reason the radiofrequency improves that glandular function.

So there's labial majora and minora tightening, the clitoral hood tightening, the introitus tightens. The interior walls tighten, the urethra, the sphincter reaction of the urinary bladder improves—all because of the heat from the radio wave. And the lubrication glands come back to life.

it now has the trigger for hormonal stimulation of organ function. You're waking up something that's asleep. It's not dead; the tissue isn't dead; the glands aren't dead. We did it on a very famous celebrity who is her early 70s. And she did it because of urinary incontinence. Within two weeks it significantly improved that, but she also told us it brought those lubrication glands back online.

Is that what they mean by *healing cascade* and *neocollagenesis*?

Correct. Neocollagenesis. I'm interested in seeing if you can make tissue repair itself. All my skin care products have active chemistry that functions on the principle of increasing oxygen flow to tissue. If you increase oxygen flow, the mechanism of skin cell metabolism

increases. If you heat the tissue of the face or décolletage or the inner arm area with ultrasound or radio waves, that tissue starts to repair itself from the heat.

That's called neocollagenesis, elastotic improvement. Elastic tissue and collagen are two proteins, and they start to improve. Why? Because if you wake them up, they go back online. It's sort of like reconnecting the two wires on a doorbell. The doorbell was working; it just didn't have any power going to it.

So this benefits women who have had a child or who are simply going through the aging process. And it also benefits women like Holly Heart (see photos), who had long labia that made sex uncomfortable and affected her self-esteem.

It's like old socks that have been washed 50 times; they don't stay up. Newer socks stay up because the elasticity, the bounce is there. So instead of throwing out the old socks, this treatment brings them back. You can bring tissue back to life. It's not really that it's damaged. It's been beaten up a little bit, and nothing has motivated restoration. When you use this machine, which uses harmless radio waves, it generates heat to 42 to 45 degrees centigrade, and it turns out that's a pleasant heating amount to the tissue.

And this is the important part: If you put out a cigarette on someone's lap, that's an *uncontrolled* injury; it leaves a burn. When you have a controlled heating to living tissue, the blood vessels in the tissue dilate. Think about it—when you're in a steam sauna, you get a flush. Number one, it doesn't hurt, and number two, it's a *controlled* injury.

You've seen the wand. The actual rod looks like an elongation of a finger. It's about eight inches long, and at the tip of it is the only active part, which is a half inch by a half inch, the little metallic radiofrequency probe.

Is it true that radiofrequency treatment works better in a moist environment like the vagina?

It works better in that environment because the tissue *wants* it to work better. It's designed to be hyperelastic. So it's genetically programmed to respond to heat stimulation. With intercourse there's a dilation of the tissue. Intercourse causes the blood vessels and the tissue to dilate. Think of a blood vessel as a tunnel. When the blood vessel gets bigger, there are cells on the inside of the blood vessel called the endothelial cells, and these cells dilate. When a blood vessel gets dilated with heat, the inside cells get stretched. When they get stretched, they release an enzyme into the bloodstream. That's a growth factor; it's a fibroblast growth factor that stimulates new collagen and elastic tissue. So when you have controlled heat, controlled injury, dilated blood vessels, protein signaling is released that causes new tissue to form. It's sort of like physical therapy eventually resulting in a joint being more mobile even after the physical therapy ends.

This technology is still very new, correct?

Very. I had the first machine to market. And I believe there are less than 100 machines in the country now.

How did they determine early on that three would be the ideal number of treatments?

Most heating procedures for the body take three treatments. Generally speaking, if you are going to use radio waves, you need >>

HUSTLER'S TEST SUBJECT HOLLY HEART

How did you hear about Dr. Lancer?

HUSTLER asked me if I wanted to be a test model through my agency. And I said, well, yeah, I want to do it. I *need* to do this. My pussy lips have always been long and out, so I was a little insecure—and then I had my daughter, and I got really insecure.

This will be your third treatment?

Yes. Before, sex was uncomfortable because my lips would kind of get caught, you know, during intercourse. It's just wasn't pleasurable. And then being in the adult industry—I know that there's various different types of vaginas, but cosmetically you want something a little bit nicer, prettier. It's an aesthetics thing *and* it's a sexual thing. Now I enjoy intercourse so much more.

What is the main difference?

There's not as much skin there. It doesn't form over the penis. It's tightened up, and then the sensation—I can orgasm better now. Wow. Like, I could barely orgasm from penetration before; I was always just feeling it in my lips. Now penetration is more comfortable, and I feel it in different parts of my vaginal area.

You want to have that relationship with your husband—you want to be sexual; you want to be intimate; you want to fuck him. We wanted to have sex twice a day. But there was chafing if I didn't use a lot of lube. Before I came here, I had a hard time producing vaginal secretions. And now it's just better. Everything's just that much more comfortable. I know there are a lot of women who feel like that.

I think the climate is starting to change to where women are actually talking about it.

Of course. Being in the adult industry, I have a lot of women come to me with questions. Because I have sex on camera, they feel comfortable asking me. And I'm very open to answering. We need to educate ourselves and be open to talking about sex. For example, I had to express to my husband how I felt about fucking, because it just wasn't comfortable; so he would try to do everything he could to make it better for me. Or instead of intercourse, we'd think of other ways to pleasure ourselves. And then I had a treatment, and everything changed. I couldn't believe that one simple laser could make a difference in my sex life.

You noticed the difference with your husband at home. Did you also notice the difference filming?

Especially in certain positions. Because let's face it, there is no shame in hardcore. You are splatting it. I'm more comfortable opening up to the camera for a hardcore shot now. That's why I'm excited for my third treatment, because it's going to be that much better. We all want to be presentable as adult performers, and I mean, I'm one of the top performers in the industry, so I need to keep my game. I do over a hundred scenes a year, about ten scenes a month.

Did you have any downtime with any of the treatments?

I had intercourse one hour after! No pain. It was incredible. And I immediately noticed the results right after the treatment. Immediately. Then it got better and better. You can literally feel the difference as they are doing the treatment. Feel it happening.

Does it feel strange?

No, it feels like you're sitting in a bathtub. That's it, a warm spa.

I'm sold.

I'm not trying to sell you. But if you're uncomfortable down there, you need to get this treatment. It changes your life—and it changes your life with your partner!

Two months later HUSTLER catches up with Holly over Japanese barbecue, and the porn star gushes, "I feel like just now I'm getting the full effects of that last treatment. And I got to tell you, the sex has been fucking amazing."



three treatments, usually at month intervals, so they followed the prototype template for radio wave heating of other tissue areas.

When Dr. Alinsod was doing the clinical studies, he found that one treatment was often plenty. Several study participants quit, because they thought they were good. And that's happened with us as well. They tell you, "I'm good to go. Whenever it wears out, I'll be back for more." Most people only want or need one or two. People who want three treatments are people who want to push the envelope to see if there's more benefit than they're already getting. It's sort of like 25-year-old guys taking Viagra. They don't have erectile dysfunction; they just want to push the envelope of how much bigger is big.

Your office tells me it costs \$1,500 for outer vaginal treatment and \$1,500 for inner, so it's \$3,000 for both for an entire procedure. But since it's such a new treatment, do we know how long it lasts?

I'll tell you, nobody knows the answer to that yet. People have come back in, but then it's like the Viagra story. There's a girl who came in yesterday for her third treatment just because she's dating somebody new. It's more of an external visual psychological component for her, so it's not a need; it's a want.

And you can have sex the same day as the treatment?

Absolutely. It is really amazing. We've had zero complaints so far. When have I ever offered a treatment that's a 100% home run? Never. Every single person treated is satisfied, 18-year-olds, 80-year-olds, whether it's for cosmetic, bathing suit issues, or intimacy issues, self-confidence issues, urethral incontinence issues, vaginal dryness issues, firmness or orgasmic issues, whatever it is.

Does it affect clitoral sensitivity as well?

It does improve, and the reason is that the nerve endings in the clitoral fold and the clitoral hood actually are in the entire vaginal vault. So when you're improving blood flow and neurologic function in the entire region, the clitoral sensitivity improves as well. Plus I think there's some forming and retraction of the clitoral hood, so there's more exposure.

I've noticed in some of the photos in the literature that there seems to be a color change.

There is a color change, and I think that has to do with the increased oxygen flow to the tissue. There's a reduction of a dusky, darker color and more of a restorative pinkish look because of blood flow.

The findings in Dr. Alinsod's study were staggering. He used a seven-point scale for his questionnaire on vaginal laxity, and participants noted an average improvement of five whole points. For his sexual satisfaction questionnaire, he used a six-point scale, and the results showed 2.5 points improvement.

The doctor is a very direct, down-to-earth guy, and he's a gynecologist, so when he's asking various things on studies, patients are far more forthcoming in their answers. I believe everything he says. I think the reason for the results is that besides protein production—collagen and elastic tissues are proteins—there are sugars called blood glucose immuno glycans. Those are sugars that surround the collagen and elastic tissue. It's called the matrix, and so you have collagen and elastic tissue proteins, and then you have the substrate that they swim in. That's the sponginess of tissue. Like you know what Restylane is, that we inject in faces? That's the sugar. So as the sugar component of the vaginal area increases, the bounce on that tissue improves. That accounts for your orgasmic component—the feel of the tissue, the lubrication of the tissue and a more youthful bounce, sort of like the cheeks on a newborn are bouncier because of that matrix, and the heat will produce that.

Do you have any anecdotal stories that you'd like to share?

I can tell you that there's an orthopedic surgeon's wife who swears, "I have never been so multiorgasmic in my life." Then she refers other girlfriends, and they report back with the same story.

Have you heard anything from any of your patients regarding what their lovers have said?

Across the board, the women—we ask them on follow-up—say their men have noticed the difference and commented. Even when the men in their lives never knew they had the treatment, the men commented that somehow the experience was tighter, that the sensation was different; they might comment on the appearance.

Holly said her husband noticed that she was more orgasmic and more self-confident in bed, and that's made the sex better.

There's nothing like physical connection to reconfirm desire. Improving your sex life often improves your relationship and your quality of life. When a woman is more emotionally self-esteem stable, her response is different, and the tissue response may be different, so that translates to the male perception. I notice that it influences me, my wife's response, you know what I mean? Even though I may not see any visual difference, her response triggers my response. It all translates into the package being different in terms of overall response. Part of it is physical; part of it is emotional; part of it is functional.

Men are by definition pleasers, and if they think something will benefit the female partner, they'll be interested. It reinforces the male ego, and they want to provide. So when it comes to sexuality, men by nature want to provide that sexual experience for the woman they're with. If you have a man, and the partner he is with is never orgasmic, let me tell you, it's going to wear him thin. And this may be a way to fix that equation. We've had zero people tell me it didn't work. Very few things have an immediate response without a rehabilitative healing procedure. And so many of the patients are orgasmic during the procedure. It's fascinating—during the procedure, multiple orgasms. **H**

Find out more about this revolutionary new procedure by contacting Lancer Dermatology, 440 N Rodeo Drive, Suite 3F, Beverly Hills, CA 90210, 310-278-8444.



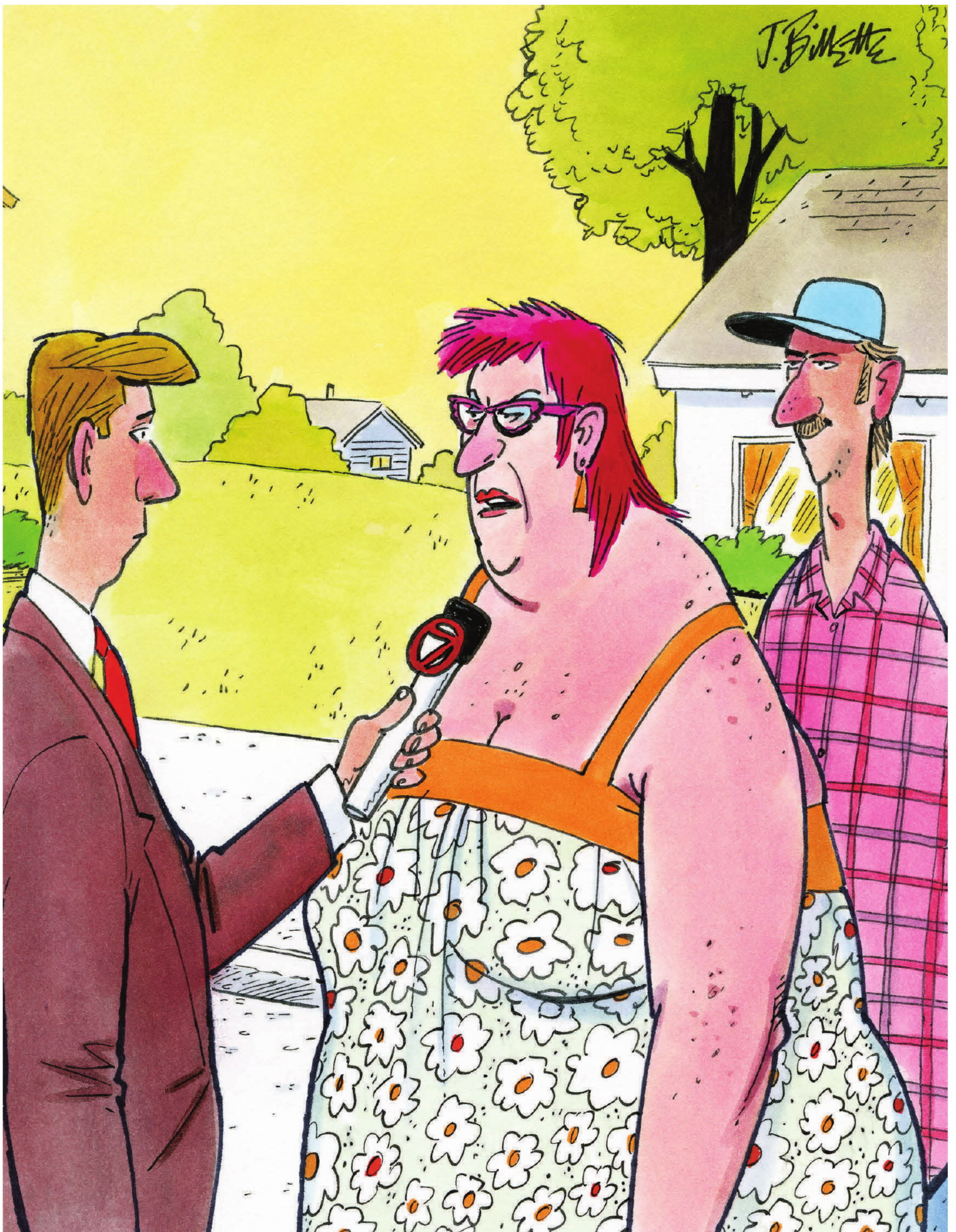
"Did you know that Jesus died for your sins? Forgiveness should include a discount!"



EARL, YOU NEED
TO HAVE A TALK WITH
YOUR SON ABOUT
THE BIRDS AND
THE BEES.

GEE, I DON'T KNOW.
THE BOY SEEMS TO
HAVE THE "BIRD"
PART ALREADY
FIGURED OUT!





"He seemed like such a nice man! We had no idea that our neighbor was a serial killer. Hell, I could have given him a list!"

LAYLA PRICE & DAHLIA SKY



KLEIO VALENTIEN &
ANA FOXXX



REBEL LYNN



THIS AIN'T FALLOUT XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** ANDRE MADNESS. **STARRING:** REBEL LYNN, ZIGGY STAR, DAHLIA SKY, LAYLA PRICE, KLEIO VALENTIEN, ANA FOXXX, TYLER NIXON & DICK CHIBBLES.



With video games growing more popular and our society becoming more dystopian by the day, it only makes sense that a porn twist on the postapocalyptic game series *Fallout* should make its way onto the shelves. If you're smart, *This Ain't Fallout XXX* will make its way into your hands too. A well-wrought erotic send-up, this hot-blooded spoof cleverly combines video game aesthetics, knowing humorous nods and steamy sex into a worthy offering that will have viewers fervently gripping their joysticks. Tyler Nixon portrays the protagonist, a young space stud who wakes up befuddled in a vault filled with dildos and roaches. A grim setting, to be sure, but the addition of pint-size survivalist Rebel Lynn livens things up. A hot little hellion bent on procreating to restore the human race, Lynn ravenously attacks Nixon's flesh wand as the camera expertly draws the viewer into the action with first-person perspective. After pumping Lynn's meat vault full of nut scum, Nixon is dispatched to scout a far-flung sector, and the action zooms in on brunette spinner Ziggy Star extracting the jizz from Dick Chibbles' spuzz rocket. Star's lithe frame seems to be constructed from some kind of space-age material as it bends, folds and twists through a contorted pounding that's half sex, half origami. Later, punked-up blond renegades Dahlia Sky and Layla Price hole up in their heavily armed lair for tongue target practice on each other's bull's-eyes before scissoring so ferociously that sparks nearly shoot from their crotches. *This Ain't Fallout XXX* leaves viewers applauding the collapse of society with the sound of one hand fapping. Order your own ominous orgasm by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com. —Pico D. Ribibi

ZIGGY STAR





ALINA WEST



NIKKI DELANO



OLIVIA AUSTIN



SWEET PEACHES

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** STEVE MATTS. **STARRING:** LAYLA PRICE, JENNIFER WHITE, NIKKI DELANO, OLIVIA AUSTIN, ALINA WEST, AARON WILCOXXX, JOHN STRONG, JAKE JACE, BRADLEY REMINGTON & RICHIE CALHOUN.



T.S. Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* famously asked, "Do I dare to eat a peach?" This collection of juicy-gluted vixens will leave viewers fervently answering in the affirmative. The festivities begin with Alina West, a petite hosehound with an improbably full derriere packed delectably into a pair of Daisy Duke shorts. Pliant but taut, West's jutting butt pillows definitely give her something to look back on with pride. An enthusiastic cocksucker, West pounds her face on her designated shaft until her maw foams with spittle like a rabid dog's. As her whippet-thin body is put through its carnal paces, a series of queefs provides a distracting sound track to her erotic workout, but whatever—that's why remote controls come equipped with a mute button. Zaftig blonde Olivia Austin is perhaps a touch overripe, though there's no arguing with the mountainous majesty of her oiled-up haunches as she takes a fat prick to her clam cove, and her pendulous milk mams jiggle hypnotically as she's pounded. Cover blonde Layla Price is thick in all the right places, her body a wide-open playground of flesh. Price's ample rump shimmies enticingly while her partner plunges her shit-hatch with abandon. The lone brunette in this offering, Jennifer White, provides a dazzling finale. Her compact frame is graced with a spectacularly protruding ass that would make Robert Crumb weep semen. *Sweet Peaches* is mouthwatering and guaranteed to get your juices dripping. Visit HustlerStore.com or call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 to order.

—P.D.R.

LAYLA PRICE



JENNIFER WHITE



MARSHA MAY



NATASHA VOYA

DADDY DAUGHTER SWAP

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** RICK DAVIS.
STARRING: NATASHA VOYA, MARSHA MAY,
 JENNA REID, APRIL BROOKES, RACHEL
 JAMES, OLIVIA AUSTIN, ALEC KNIGHT,
 TONY DE SERGIO, DICK CHIBBLES &
 DERRICK PIERCE.



Screw the neckties and cologne; if *Daddy Daughter Swap* is any indication, next year's big-ticket Father's Day present will be a hookup with your daughter's hot BFF. The festivities kick off with Natasha Voya hitting on her friend's dad. A stringy-haired, gangly-limbed blonde, Voya seems in need of nourishment—and she finds it, latching on to the bulbous dick head of her middle-aged prey with the enthusiasm of a baby taking to a bottle. Voya spit-shines her partner's rod to a gleaming sheen and runs her tongue along his wizened ball sac, smoothing out the wrinkles with each balm-like coating of saliva. Her legs spread wide like the outer branches of a banyan tree as her friend's dad wedges his bloated blood sausage into her twat. Bottle-blond, plump-titted Marsha May sports a tattoo that looks like a manic child scribbled across her stomach. Bright-eyed but seemingly dull-witted, May reeks of a precocious sex drive and bad life choices—a scent that any dad would rather wear than Old Spice. Finally tiny-titted brunette Jenna Reid gets her clit slapped around like a punching bag by her scenemate's balls as she's hammered but good. Order today at 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. Overall *Daddy Daughter Swap* is a fair exchange for a jerkoff's hard-earned dollars.

—P.D.R.



JENNA REID



APRIL BROOKES



OLIVIA AUSTIN & RACHEL JAMES





JASMINE CARO

GLAMOUR PUSS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS





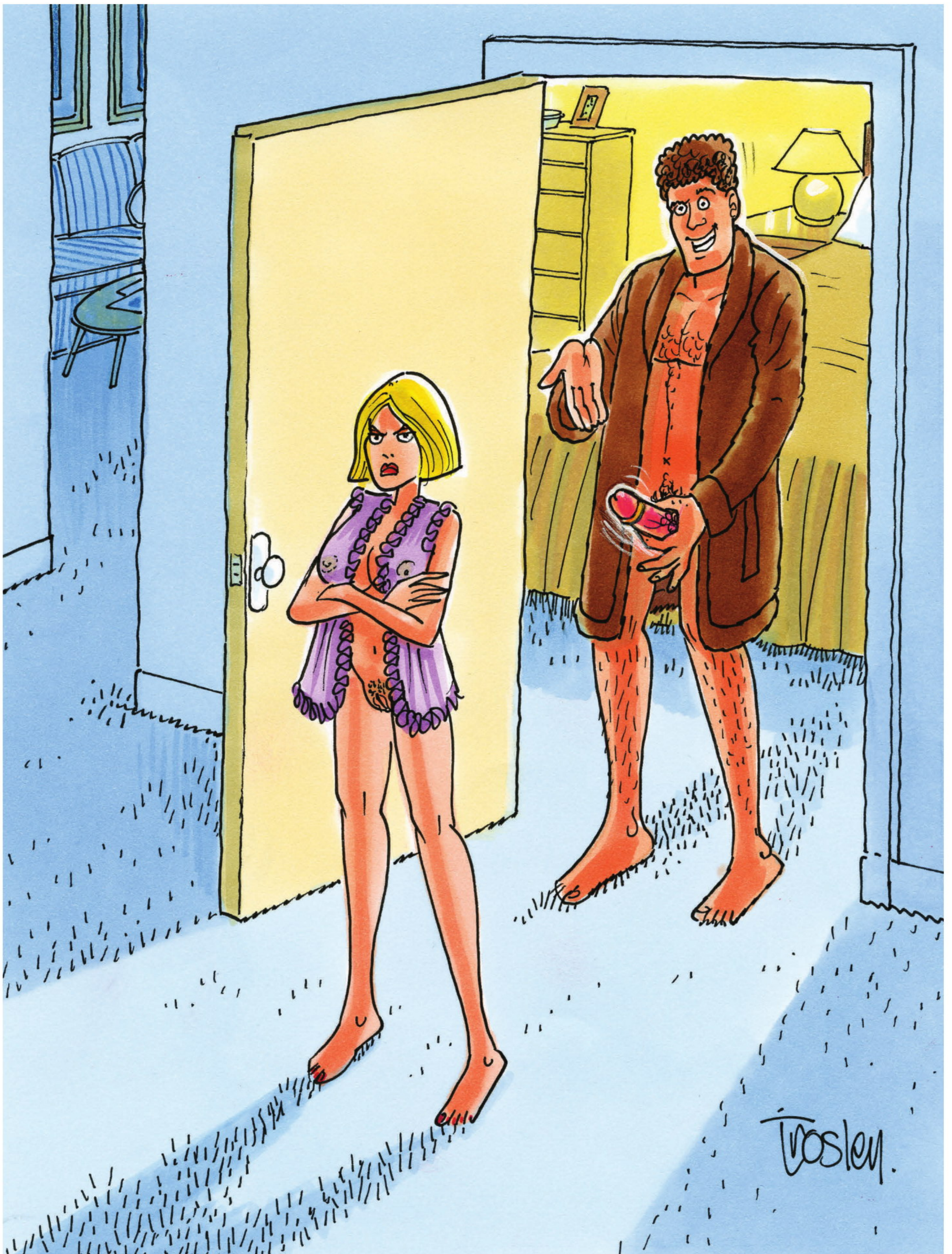






Glamour, beauty—that's sexy to me. When I'm doing a photoshoot, I focus on my expressions, find new poses. I'm confident about who I am physically, and I enjoy my body. I love showering and spend a lot of time caressing and soaping my boobs and nipples. But my best feature is my face—I've been told I have sexy eyes and a great smile, especially when I'm climaxing."





"I am *not* asking you to swallow your pride! I'm asking you to swallow *my* pride!"



WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN



AVA ADORA

Back in 2014 Ava Adora and a gal pal had their picture snapped with ex-Prez Bill Clinton at a star-studded charity fundraiser. "I always have time for pretty girls," he reportedly told his gushing admirers, unaware that they were legal prostitutes at the Moonlite BunnyRanch in Nevada. Clinton's fly wasn't unzipped, no bodily fluids were exchanged, but the tabloids and mainstream media sensationalized the photo-op like a Lewinsky-esque scandal. The meet-and-greet came nowhere close, but Ava was elated. "Wrapping my arm around Bill Clinton's waist was better than any orgasms I've had," recalls the 25-year-old college grad from San Diego, California. "Of course I wanted to have a sleepover with him—my treat." We too always have time for pretty girls if they have a penchant for leg-spreading nude modeling, especially one with a little notoriety. Ava is no longer in the play-for-pay trade, but the 5-foot-2 travel buff continues to "passionately explore" her sexuality: "I am definitely a lady in the street and a freak in the sheets."

—Photos by JMR Foto





"I have bachelor degrees in sociology and anthropology, but I also received a great sexual education. I learned all about my own body and needs, as well as how to please a variety of men and women."





SUMMER MARIE

"I am very outgoing, and I love group events," declares Summer Marie, 22, a college student from Cleveland, Ohio. She's now notched her most uninhibited group event ever, *Beaver Hunt*. "Being naked in HUSTLER is a dream come true," the 5-foot-4 newbie marvels. Summer Marie isn't shy when it comes to exposing her privates or her private life: "I love hunting, fishing, horseback riding, swimming, reading books, watching *Impractical Jokers* and *Grey's Anatomy* on TV and driving fast cars." Summer Marie, whose fave rock groups are Pink Floyd and The Beatles, really hits the accelerator during close encounters: "I'm straight, aggressive, very seductive and horny all the time! I had sex in a tree stand even though I'm afraid of heights." But the doggy-style devotee isn't traumatized by backdoor pokes. "Anal isn't bad at all," Summer Marie insists. "It's actually enjoyable." Despite losing her virginity almost nine years ago, one small group event has eluded the tantalizing Buckeye Stater: "I would absolutely love to have my first threesome."

—Photos by David J. Vickers

"I hope lots of readers run to the bathroom with the magazine when they see my pictures."





Kitty and Natily are a perfect match. They both dig Insane Clown Posse and eating pussy.

KITTY & NATILY

"I will try anything and anyone at least once," boasts blond Kitty, 27, a waitress and "free-spirited anarchist" from Spokane, Washington. Her fave pastime, "hot dates with lot of guys and girls," has led to occasional threesomes and an orgy. "I will gladly discard my clothes if someone wants to photograph me naked" is the mantra of Truckee, California's Natily Taylor. That mind-set, along with being a real eye-catcher, has led the 21-year-old to membership in an exclusive sisterhood: HUSTLER's Top 25 Beavers of the Decade (Anniversary '15). Now Natily shares the spotlight—and orgasms—with Kitty as each chalks up her first down-and-dirty modeling. "I've had sex in a college classroom, in the woods near home and on a tram going to Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco," Natily notes. "But having sex with another girl *and* knowing that thousands of guys will be watching us? Totally dope!" —Photos by Kickback Productions





Kitty's feedback? "I got to be naked in HUSTLER and do what I love the most—coming!"



Natily's postscript: "Kitty and I really hit it off. Before she went home, we'd go to bars every night for a week and be all lovey-dovey, holding hands and French-kissing. Guys were going crazy. They wanted more than a show, but we only wanted each other."

NIKKI

"I really like to have my picture taken," proclaims Nikki, 29, from Granbury, Texas. "But being naked makes it more fun. I wouldn't have become a stripper if I was uptight about showing off my body. I used to be the class clown. Look at me now!" The 5-foot-0 tyro relishes more than being eye candy. Her hobby is arts and crafts. She's a die-hard football fan who roots for the Dallas Cowboys and the University of Texas Longhorns. Nikki, whose role model when growing up was an uncle nicknamed Rebel, is certainly an open-minded Dixie chick. Her favorite flick is *Love & Basketball*, while her number-one rock band is Smile Empty Soul. Rounding out her résumé, Nikki confides, "I'm seductive, passive and bi-curious. I love blowjobs, doggy-style and being told what to do." But one sexual act makes her uncharacteristically assertive: "I like telling a guy to fuck me in the ass. Nothing in the world makes me feel better and come harder."

—Photos by Ron Neumann





“My fantasies are being tied up and role-playing ’cause I ain’t never done them yet.”

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MIRABELLA

CANDY ASS
HUSTLER CLASSIC
JULY 1990

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN HICKS



Mirabella is a sweet tooth's wet dream. Everything about her is edible: her clothes, her luscious body. Spun sugar waiting to be licked, lollipops begging to be rolled from tongue to cheek. No honey here. No natural sweeteners. Just sugar. Refined. Processed. Artificial. "I crave the unnatural," she confesses. "Stick out your tongue and say *ahhh...*"



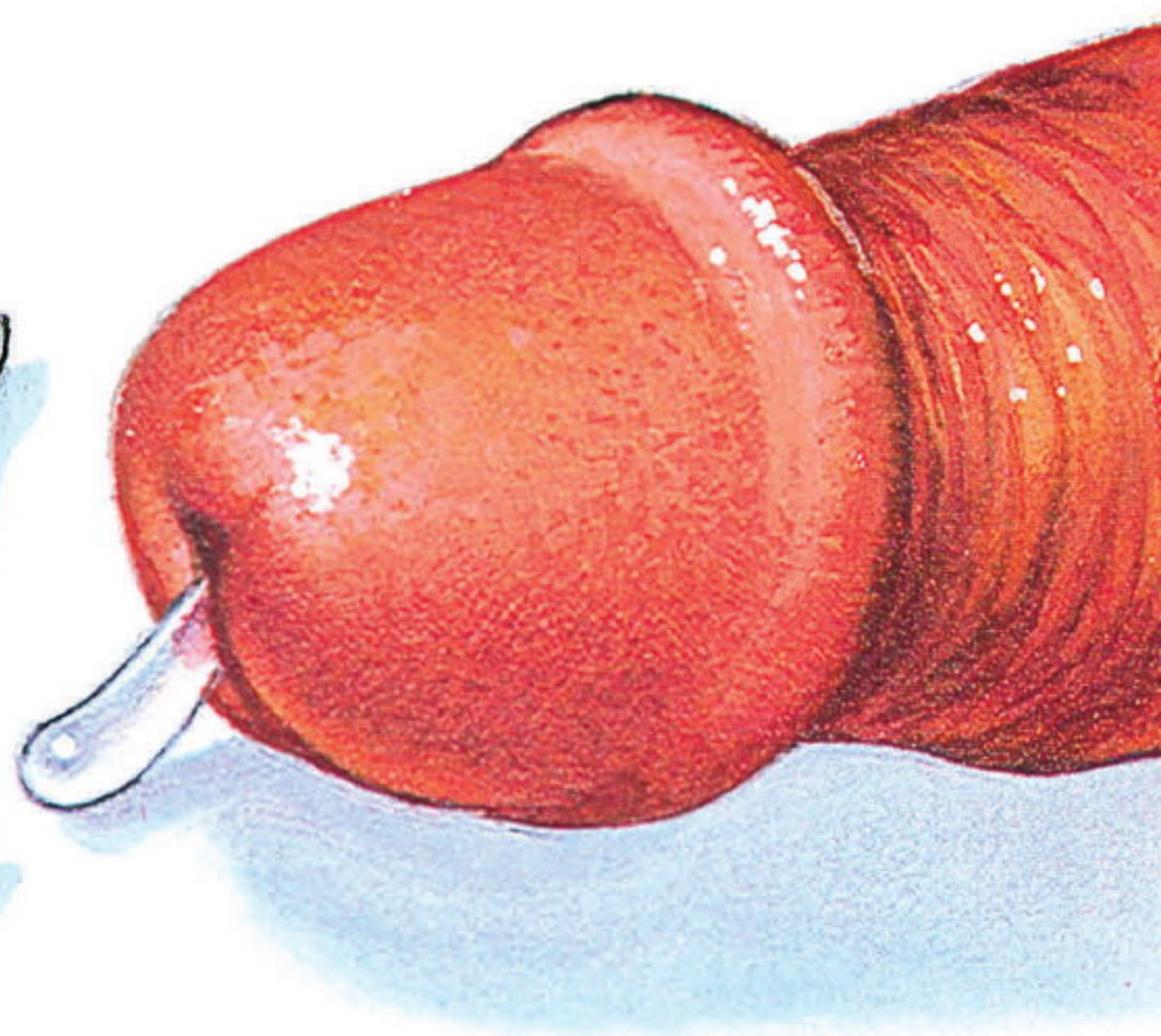






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MASS SHOOTINGS—WTF?

Orlando, San Bernardino, Sandy Hook, Aurora—mass shootings have become so commonplace in recent years that it's almost news when we go a week without one. Reporter Travis Kelly traces the history of this epidemic and dissects causes for manic violence in America.

CINDY STARFALL

Spend a day with one of our favorite sex goddesses. Even if you aren't familiar with *bahn mi* (delicious, BTW), when this Vietnamese-born porn sensation offers to make you something, anything, you say, "Yes, please"—and then get down on your knees and thank the universe.



ASS, GRASS & CASH

These beautiful Merry Janes dispense smoking sex alongside their weed and very edible edibles. Let time slow *waaay* down. Receptors for cannabinoids are everywhere in your body, and in *her* body, and in *her* body...

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